RODOMONTHS INFERNALL,

OR

The Diuell conquered.

ARIASTOS *Concluſions.*

Of the Marriage of *Rogero* with *Bradamanth* his Loue, & the fell ſought Battell betweene *Rogero* and *Rodomonth* the neuer-conquered Pagan.

Written in French by Phillip de Portes, *and Paraphraſtically tranſlated by G. M.*

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TO THE RIGHT Honorable his very ſingular good Lord, the Lord *Mount-eagle*, all that *can be wiſht in his owne beſt wiſhes.*

* *
*

THere is nothing more vſually common in this laſt part of this worſt age (moſt Honorable, and vertuouſly Honorable Lord) then the publication of Bookes, how-euer their genealogies ſpring euen from the lighteſt vanities: amongſt whom, (to ſaue the World and Bitterneſſe a labour) I condemne my ſelfe, as an Author and Abettor of that cuſtomary error, onely with this halfe-part excuſe, that albe in my writings I haue neither Feminine honie, nor Maſculine gall, yet I either doe, or deſire to retaine a taſtfull reliſh of a little ſaltneſſe; which, may it carie but the leaſt imagined ſeaſon in your Noble ſence, I ſhall ſlightly reſpect the curioſitie of any other, how-euer his ſtomacke be eſteemed for beſt iudgement. The Noble Frenchman *Mounſieur Portes*, who was the firſt Author of this worke, was a man of great wit, famous learning, and Noble place; each of which carrie

rie in them, defence ſufficient to ſhield him from imputation: ſo that queſtionleſſe, the body of the worke muſt needs be faire, and onely the deformitie in his Engliſh apparell: and no wonder, for I proteſt the Tranſlation was finiſht, and forth of my hands aboue a dozen yeares agone, a time wherein bumbaſted breeches, and ſtraite whale-bon'd dublets had neither vſe nor eſtimation. How-euer, all mine eſcapes, both boldneſſe in daring to your preſence, rudeneſſe in the worke, & wants in mine Arts perfection, muſt flie vnder the couert of your Noble Patronage; a defence, that giuing my Muſe an immortall life, ſhall binde my loue and ſeruice to you, and your Honorable houſe for euer.

Your Honors humbly deuoted,

G. M.

TO READERS OF both kinds.

TO find as many excuſes, as curious ſences can faults, were to begin a new Legend Auri, *or a ſecond part of the Booke of Martyrs: a paire of gates, through which, this little* Poem *would not be ſeene to ſteale: wherefore, briefly, to helpe what I know is weake, this Paraphraſe was firſt intended for one priuat mans repaſt, and not for a wedding table; the time when Poeſie was leſſe, but more beloued: Poets fewer, but not ſo bitter: and Readers in generall, by much, much better affected. Now, ſince time, impudencie, and other powers, plucks the bluſh from my cheekes, and that perforce I am proſtituted to the racke of your imaginations, ſtretch me not beyond my ſtrength, the rather for my confeſſion ſake: but conſidering the daies of this poore* Poems *creation, take pittie that he was too ſoone borne: and out of that clemency, it may be, he wil bring you as much delight, as ſome other children of his owne yeare: and my ſelfe ſhall extoll that in you, which is ſeldome or neuer found in a multitude:* ſome Iuſtice.

Farewell.

G. M.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE POEM.

Odomonth King of *Argier* and *Sarza*, beeing a man of most extreame pride and courage, comming into *Fraunce* with King *Agramant*, who to reuenge the death of *Traiano* his father, slaine by *Pipin* King of *Fraunce*, had conducted thither a most puissant armie against *Charlimaine*, the sonne of *Pipin*: after the warres were almost finished, and both *Agramant*, *Mandricard*, *Gradasso*, and diuers other Kings slaine, this *Rodomonth* vnderstanding that *Rogero*, a Prince of excellent vertue and prowesse, who also was a confederate and assistant vnto *Agramant*, was not onely conuerted and becomed a Christian, but also should take to wife *Bradamant*, the daughter of Duke *Aimon*, one of the twelue Peeres of *Fraunce*; beeing mightily inraged thereat, vpon the wedding day, he commeth and challengeth *Rogero* the combate, in which fight *Rodomonth* is slaine: whose soule, after his death (retaining the violence, furie, and madnesse, which he possest in his life) descending into hell, maketh open warres against *Pluto* the god of hell, and euen conquereth and turmoileth all the diuels therein: till hauing ouer-heated himselfe, and seeking for water to quench his thirst, he happeneth vpon *Lethe*, the riuer of Forgetfu'nesse;

getfulneſſe; on which, when he had drunke, hee inſtantly forgat all that was paſt (except Loue) and ſo returneth backe to the earth: where he wandred, till he found the Caſtle of *Iſabella*, the daughter of the King of *Spaine*; whom albe he had formerly loued moſt entirely, yet he had ſlaine vnluckily: and about that Caſtle, he is bound by the Deſtinies to wander for an hundred yeares, becauſe his body wanted buriall.

Rodomonths Infernall.

1

I Sing of him and his eternall ire,
Whose wraths high tempest neuer calme could
That in his life shak't heauēs immortal fire, (boot,
And made the earth to tremble at his foote:
That first made aire weep teares of wrong'd desire,
Of Furies tree both bodie, head, and roote:
The high contemner of all deitie,
Affluctions master and the wracke of *Pittie*.

2

Of him I sing that washt all *Fraunce* in blood,
Great man, great might, but angers greatest great,
Whose soule when *Roger* sent to *Charons* flood,
Blacke *Plutoes* Mariner did faire intreat,
Shaking like reed that in some marrish stood,
And all hell skard, his rigorous armes await:
Palenes (forsworne) then seazd on *Ditis* face,
And *Proserpine* to new-felt feares gaue place.

3

Then were the furies with his viewe affright,
And ſhrunke to hide their waue-like ſnakie haires,
Whilſt he thrugh girt with mad outragious might,
Thunders his bedlam wrath in dead mens eares:
And like an hoſte drags forth the ſole-ſad *Night*,
To ſlay the beautie Heauens fore-head beares.
God of my Muſe and me grace of my ſong,
Sweeten my harſh lines with thy muſicke tong.

4

WHat time braue *Leon* had to *Paris* brought,
The ſoule of Virtu, *Roger* Prince of arms,
(Whom *Charlemaine* and all his Peeres had ſought)
And in the view of France ceaſd thoſe alarms,
Aimon. Which old *Mount Albans* gouernors had wrought
Gainſt him the deare controller of his harmes:
Now to make ſweete his life ſo loathſome led,
Roger vnto his *Bradamante* is wed.

5

To *Bradamante*, the joy of *Aimons* age,
Bradamant was Aimons daughter, and ſiſter to Rinaldo. The martiall Conquereſſe of all the world,
Gainſt whom, durſt none but he ſtrōg battel gage,
For all Knights els by her were ouer-hurld,
Onely his eies launce did her power aſſwage,
And in her haires twine were his fences curld:
That ſtriuing who the battels glory wonne,
Neither were conquered, both were ouercome.

This

6

This nuptiall wedding, this conjunct of hearts, *Charles* seekes to deifie with all renowne *Fraunce* could affoard, or hidden Magycke arts Could dignifie with nights bright starrie crowne: Two daies in neuer-equald joyes departs, Whilst Heauens fore-head neuer lent a frowne. And in all Tilting, Tourney, and all fight, The praise and prize on *Rogers* fortunes light.

Charles for *Charlymaine.*

7

Who of the glorious Architect would learne, The rare pauilion, the inchanted tower, Or who would *Troyes* rich miracle discerne, Wrought by diuine hands in a holy bower: Where humane arte from heauenly artes did earne Perfections title in a blessed hower, Let him to *Ariostoes* Legend runne, Great light of Poesie, and Poets sunne.

Ariosto can. 46.

8

But when the third dayes curtine was o're-spred, Giuing the worlds eie leaue to cheare the earth: And *Charlymaine* emperiously was led With drums, with trumpets, vialls, flutes, & mirth, Such as no Age hath knowne, or Time hath read, Vnto *Melissaes* tent calld Wonders birth; Where all the heauenly reuells were contain'd Whilst meaner objects, meaner eies disdain'd.

Melissa a famous inchauntresse.

9

The 12. Signes. Then whē the Peeres ſate round about their king,
Like Natures twins, through which the Sun doth ride,
And monthly keepes a ſeuerall progreſsing;
And euery Baron ſate by others ſide,
Taking what place Birth or Deſert could winne,
Lending aboundance to aboundant pride:
Cloyd with accates, yet ſtill deſiring more,
Digeſt with talke what they had tane before.

10

Confuſedly like ouerflowing ſtreames,
Ranne the diſturbed eccho of their ſpeech:
Or like tumultuous muttring heard in dreames,
Which through our troubled ſence makes ſenſles breach:
Or like the clamors in the Suns pure beams,
Made by the buſie Bees (which labour teach)
Such tingling muſick from their lips did break,
Till the faire Bride fairely began to ſpeake.

11

With golden Oratorie guilding thought,
And ſweetening eares with pleaſant honie words,
Shee tels the fearefull combates ſhee had fought
Gainſt Pagan Knights, Princes, & mightie Lords,
And moſt of all, the glorie ſhee had bought,
In foyling *Rodomonth*, whom fame affoards
More hie renowne for martiall chiualrie,
Than *Homer* lent *Achilles* deitie.

Vnto

12

Vnto her words her Auditors assume
The style of immortalitie and praise,
And that the times-wast richly might consume
Ioynd vnto hers, they paint moe bloodie daies,
Adding to battels past, a present plume,
Which warlike dangers hie to heauen might raise:
Whilst others told the sackings of great townes,
Where infants cries, the mothers shriekings (drownes.

13

Thus deepely wading in their bloody theame,
Historifying mortall immortall deedes,
Charles like *Apollo* set in his golden teame,
Cheering with lookes both plants and soueraigne
Now plac't between the two vnited beams, (weeds
The Bride & Bridegrom, (on whom beuty feeds:)
He saw a mighty man clad all in blacke,
Mounted vpon a mighty coursers backe.

14

Who with a slow-foote maiestie did pace
Towards them all, with a disdainfull eie,
Sending contempt, the curtaine of his face,
To plead the hate that in his heart did lie:
Reuerence he scornd, nor did he yield one grace
To *Charles*, the ladies, or to any by,
Till all in muse what his amaze would make,
Thus vnto *Roger* and the rest he spake.

15

Roger, I am great *Rodomount* the King,
Of fruitfull *Argier* on the *Affricke* bounds,
Whome *Virtue* and *Renowne* doth hither bring,
To chalenge thee falſe traitor, whoſe name ſounds
In heathen eares like Iews trumps when they ring,
And will approoue, that in thy heart abounds,
Falſhood vnto thy chieftaine, and thy faith,
Which from thy birth thou ſhouldſt preſerue til (death.

16

And therewithall auerre, that no true Knight,
Ought to diſpute of thee, or of thy fame,
Thogh (braſen facde) thou ſhunneſt not the light,
Which of thy monſtrous perjuries exclaime:
All which to juſtifie in ſingle fight,
Beholde my hand made ready for the ſame,
A mighty engin made by Natures skill,
To ſcourge thy damned execrable ill.

17

Yet if thy cowards heart pine with remorſe,
And certaine knowledge make thee faint in ſinne:
Chuſe for thine ayde, to double thy dead force,
Some of theſe Knights that hemme thy courage in,
Foure, five, or iffull twenty, nere the worſe,
The more they mount, the more my fame ſhal win,
Whilſt I immortaliz'd by this great deede,
Wil triumph when thy trēbling heart ſhal bleed

Heere

18

Here pawſde the Pagan, yet with ſtaring eie,
Bright as a fiery Metyor in the darke,
Caſting on all th'aſſembly lookes awry,
Stroke in them wonder that his words did marke:
Yet hauing leaue, *Roger* did thus reply:
Sterne king of *Surza*, vnto mine anſwer harke:
Pure as the Sunne mine honor I reſpect,
And falſe thou lieſt that falſly dooſt detect.

19

Vnto my King I euer haue bin true,
Linking Eternitie vnto my loue,
Euen from the firſt age, to this laſt, none knew
Spot in my faith, which euermore did moue
Stainleſſe, vnblemiſht, whilſt affection drew
My conſtant thoughts the higheſt heauens aboue:
And here (falſe Pagan) ſhall my life maintaine,
That yet my life did neuer ſuffer ſtaine.

20

And for theſe multitudes to ayde my wrong,
My ſingle ſelfe, ſingle ſhall thee ſuffice,
Well ſhalt thou find me bold enough and ſtrong
To quell the ſtormes that from thy furies riſe,
And in my ſoule, I hope ere it be long,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe (with anguiſh from thine eies)
That one alone contending in the right,
Is both too many, and of too great might.

21

This ſaid; the two faire ſonnes of *Oliuer*,
Sanſon, *Orlando*, *Renald*, and the reſt,
Stroue who ſhould firſt *Roger* from wrong deliuer,
Kindling a greedie ardor in their breaſt,
Alleadging that his ſpowſals ſhould diſceuer
Him from this conflict, and to them addreſt
This quarrels groūd; whilſt *Bradamāt* did ſwear,
And faire *Marfyza*, they apart would beare.

Marfyza Rogers ſiſter.

22

But *Rōger* fiercer, mad with their deſire;
Breeding new *Ætnas* in his boyling heart,
Swore their excuſe ſhould not make him retire,
For ſole to him belong'd that dreadfull part:
Here-with he takes his armour (bright as fire)
Made by inchantment, and by Magycke arte;
And ſcarce would ſtay (ſo earneſt was his flaine)
Had not thoſe ſtates helpt to put on the ſame.

23

Marfyza and faire *Bradamant* his bride,
Begyrt his curats on his manly backe,
Charles coucht his truſtie ſword vnto his ſide,
His ſpurres *Orlando* buckles; nor doth lacke
His helme, which on his head *Aſtolpho* ti'de,
Dudon his ſtirrop holds, and in this wracke,
Namus about the field takes ſpeciall charge,
To martiall it, and make it cleare and large.

Rinaldo

24

Rinaldo held his courſer by the raine,
Whoſe hollow hooſe beating the humble ground,
(As baſeſt element) in high diſdaine
Spurn'd it, and gaue it many a drierie wound:
And chiding his controlling bit in vaine,
A milke-white foamy mantle bout it is wound;
Thē neying lowd, charging his wel prickt eares,
He ſhews his ioyes in warlike acts appeares.

25

Like *Danaes* ſonne on the *Pegaſian* ſteed,
So mounted *Roger* on this princely beaſt,
Whilſt *Oliuer* gaue to their further ſpeed,
Speares of one length & ſtrength; neither increas't,
But gaue to equall chance their equall deed:
Then like two Buls with fierie rage oppreſt,
Leauing the Heard, retiring to their courſe,
So parted they, to meet with greater force.

26

The halfe-dead liuing Ladies looking on,
Trembled poore ſoules, as doth the ſillie Doues,
Who in the mild aire playing the ſands vpon,
By ſtormes are drinen to ſhrowd in houſes roues,
Whilſt vnder cloudes the Sunne to reſt is gone,
And all the heauēs with mourning vizage moues:
Euen ſo the pittying Ladies wept no leſſe,
Whęn they beheld the Pagans mightineſſe.

The

27

The Pagan that euen then ſpurrd forth his horſe,
whoſe windlike fury flying more ſwift then thoght
Made the amazed ground quake thrugh his courſe
As if great *Ioue* ſome new reuengement wrought.
On th'other ſide, *Roger* with Princely force
Ran with ſuch puiſſance, that his horſe hoofs taght
The ſullen earth (created dumb and lame)
To ſing, to cry, to eccho and exclame.

28

Or like a flood, that falling downe a rocke,
Reuerberats huge clamors through the ſtones,
So ſounds his noiſe, till meeting in the ſhocke,
That cracke of thunder drowns the leſſer ones;
Brauely they meet, and in their meetings broke
Their ſhiu'red ſtaues (wherat their palfries groās)
With ſuch pure might, that as if ſplints would fly
Beyond all ſight, they mounted in the skie.

29

Yet were their blowes in nature different:
For why, the Pagan lighting on his ſhield,
Which *Vulcan* well had temperd, to preuent
A greater force than mortall man could yield,
With little hazard all in peeces rent:
But *Roger* (taught how mighty acts to wield)
With vnknowne puiſſaunce through his target (ſtricke,
Albe it was of ſteele ſix inches thicke.

And

30

And had his ſpeare ſuſtain'd his manly power,
And not like feathered plumes flowne in the aire,
The combate had tane end in that ſame hower:
For why no armour able was to beare
The huge incounter of that ſtormie ſhower,
Whoſe lightning through his heart had made re-
Yet break it did, & with a breach ſo ſoũd, (paire:
That both the horſes buttocks kiſt the ground.

31

With helpe of bit and blame of angrie ſpurre,
Their skilfull riders rais'd them vp againe,
Who in their ſaddles rock-like did not ſturre,
But like to Imps of *Sagittarius* ſtraine,
All of one matter with their ſteedes concurre,
And manag'd mightie actions vnto paine:
And now with ſwords threatening the loſſe of
Began the wounded Proem vnto death. (breath

32

Hote was th'aſſault, implacable the blowes,
Eager the wiſhes, either for others end,
Each frõ his ſteeled coat maine lightning throwes,
Which downward to the parched groũd deſcend,
Whoſe ſun-burnt face ſweat to indure their woes,
That euen to wonders did new wonders lend:
And in this fury both did ſeeke a good, (blood.
To make the earth drunke with their worthy

Like

33

Like wanton *Goates* winding vpon a plaine,
Turning and toſsing in their nimble ſalts,
Now on the right, then on the left againe;
So did theſe knights, whom memorie exalts,
Handle their horſes, ſeeking to regaine
Mightie aduãtage, either by others falts: (whelms,
And whilſt their thoughts their furies ouer-
Their ſwords kept time vpon their ſounding helmes.

34

The Pagan which had loſt his Serpents hyde,
That aged Time for *Nemirod* had made,
His firſt great Grandſire, Lord of *Babels* pride,
And left forlorne, his memorable blade,
Albe he now had gyrt vnto his ſide,
Another which for ſtrẽgth might heauen inuade:
Yet neither this, nor that, was found ſo hard,
As to withſtand the edge of *Balyſard*.

35

Of *Balyſard Rogeroes* truſtie ſword,
Which through the Pagãs ſteele had beat his way,
For neither charme, nor temper could affoard
A ſuertie vnto his skinne that day:
Rebateleſſe edge, hard ſtars, and might accord,
The fatall ſcene of bloody death to play:
Whilſt *Roger* of the Pagans blood had made
A skarlet mantle to impale his blade.

But

36

But *Rodomonth* that felt his ſword rebound,
Like to a tennis ball within a court,
As oft as it on *Rogers* helme did ſound,
And found with-all an infinit reſort
Of painefull thoughts, purchaſt by many a wound,
Albe he cloaks maine griefes (his madde conſort:)
Yet when he ſaw the conduits of his blood,
He grew impatient, mad, and raging wood.

37

Euen like a Boare chaſt in the wilderneſſe,
Enuyous of himſelfe, wanting a meane
To be aueng'd of venging mightineſſe,
Gnaſhing his teeth, wrapt in a foamy ſtraine:
Or like the ſeas diſtempered ouglineſſe,
Hurld by the winter wind with might & maine;
Euen ſo forſakes his ſhield, and doth intend,
With both his hands to giue the combate end.

38

Yet e're he heau'd his hands, he curſt the skie,
And ſlandred ſhamefully the god of warre,
Then with ſuch might as ſtormes in ſpring do flie,
He liſt them vp, and fetching force from farre,
Stroake that the earth betweene the poles did crie:
Or like an oake in a tempeſtuous jarre,
Rent by the roots, with vnknown terror braues,
The broad vaſt deſarts, and the hollowe caues.

So

39

So fell on *Rogers* helme this hatefull blowe,
Which had it not by *Magycke* art beene wrought,
His fame, no fame had liu'd to ouergoe:
Yet ſo the puiſſance had his ſence beſtraught,
That gainſt the ſaddle pommell twiſe in ſhoe,
He knockt his head, robd of recouering thought:
The Pagan now exalted in his pride,
Stroke with like ſtrength another on his ſide.

40

The golden raines, guid of *Rogeroes* ſteed,
Fell from his hand, ope flewe his holding thies,
And ſenſleſſe with each motion mou'd like reed,
Whilſt weeping Honor in her waining cries:
The Pagan hopefull, greedie in this deed,
Doubles maine ſtrokes on ſtroks, and gods defies:
Till in the end with multitudes of blowes,
He broke his ſword, the terror of his foes.

41

Amaz'd at this, hauing but hilt in hand,
With a ſmall remnant of the broken blade,
As if that heauen his will did countermand,
Againſt the heauens blacke proteſtations made,
Blaſphemouſly the God of gods he band,
And *Mahomet* with ſternie threats doth lade:
And vowes, in ſpight of heauen, and heauenly
Rogero ſhal not liue to breath an hower. (power,

42

At this, the help-forſaken Knight he takes,
And from his ſaddle lifts him vp by force,
Thence to the earth he throwes him, whilſt earth
A ſilent ſorrow for his murdred coarſe: (makes
Which ſeene, the Pagan ſmiles, and then forſakes
Thought of enſuing harme, and with his horſe
Trots in diſdaine about *Rogeroes* head,
Saying, his worke was done, his foe was dead.

43

But as the *Libique* ſea wrong'd with the winde,
Recouers mightier forces in his foile,
So *Roger* by his fall new ſtrength doth finde,
And as awak't, makes all his ſence recoile:
And to augment his foes amazed minde,
Nimbly roſe vp, whilſt bluſhing rage did boile
Freſh in his cheekes, for as his eies did mooue,
The firſt he ſpi'd was *Bradamant* his loue.

44

Euē *Bradamant*, whoſe pale, wan, troubled thought,
Had almoſt wed her princely life to death,
Which ſeene, with venging ſhame halfe captiue
Vowes a requital, or to looſe his breath: (brought,
At which, the Pagans bridle raine he caught,
And on his thies maine deadly woundings lai'th:
All which he felt ſo vehement and ſore,
That *Rodomonth* grew madder than before.

The

45

The bedlam Turke, with whom their did remaine
Part of the blade that was in peeces flowne,
With it ſmote ſo on *Rogers* helme againe,
That once more almoſt he was ouerthrowne:
But the milde Prince ſeeing there did remaine
A great aduantage, vntill then vnknowne,
By the left hand doth take the Turke by force,
And ſpight of ſpight puls him beſides his horſe.

46

Now whether t'were his ſtrength, fine ſlieght, or (chance,
I cannot geſſe, but on his feete he fell,
No vantage was betweene them, more or leſſe;
Saue in the ſwords, which *Roger* vs'd ſo well,
That when the Pagan ouer-neare did preſſe,
With point he kept him out, though nere ſo fell:
For he did deeme it dangerous and ill,
To cloſe with one of ſuch huge ſtrength & skil

47

Againe he ſaw the Pagan bleed ſo ſore,
That lingring time would giue the conflict end,
For ſtrength flew forth at his vaines opened dore:
Which *Rodomonth* perceiuing, thought to lend
Deſpaire a deſperate hazard, leſſe or more;
And therefore with a diuelliſh force did ſend
The hilt and pommell of the broken ſteele
To *Rogers* head, which made him ſoundly reele.

48

It ſtrake him twixt the ſhoulder and the head,
And gaue to him a blow ſo firme and ſound,
That good *Rogero* there-with ſtaggered,
And hardly ſtood from falling on the ground;
Rodomonte to cloſe with him then haſtened,
But loe, his foot fail'd with his former wound:
So that his too much haſte (as oft we ſee)
Hurt him, and made him fall vpon his knee.

49

Roger accepting Times aduantage lent,
Wounded the Turke on head, on breaſt, and face;
But he got vp againe incontinent,
And made ſtarke mad, with this moſt vile diſgrace,
Ranne vpon *Roger*, and in's armes him pent,
Folding him with a moſt vnkind imbrace;
And then they ſtriue, heaue, ſhoue, thruſt to and fro,
And either ſeekes the others ouerthrow.

50

With force they ſtriue, with arte, and with agilitie,
Whether ſhall ſooner fall vnto the ground;
The Pagans ſtrength was weakned by extremity,
By means of many a deepe receiued wound:
Rogers arte was great, great his abilitie,
Much vs'd to wraſtle, and he quickly found
Th'aduantage, which he did not ouer-ſlip,
But on the weakeſt ſide, his foe did trip.

51

Downe like a tower to the ground he went,
Or like a rocke throwne headlong in the ſea,
Whereby his blood in great aboundance ſpent
Freſhly began to ſpring; making that day
The earth (in skarlet clad) much to lament:
Downe is he held, to riſe he finds no way;
The while *Rogero* ſet his daggers point
Vnto his throat, and to his chiefeſt joynt.

52

And with ſharp words (th'imbaſſadors of death)
Told him, except to mercie he ſubmit,
Nothing ſhould ſaue his life, or lend him breath,
Such firme reſolue within his heart did ſit;
But *Rodomonth*, whoſe hie couragious faith,
Rather then yeild, a thouſand deaths thought fit,
Spake not a word, but ſtroue himſelfe to ſunder
From him; or if he could, to get him vnder.

53

Looke how a *Martin* in a Maſtiues fang,
Foames at the mouth, fights with his ouerthrow,
Whilſt from his red eies beames of fire flang:
And at the end, impatient of his woe,
Grinning, lifts vp his lips, where ſlauers hang,
And his vaine vnreuenging teeth doth ſhoe:
So doth the cruell Pagan ſtriue and threat,
But all he can cannot his death defeat.

54

Yet with long ſtriuing, and with wondrous paines
He freed his better arme, and void of awe,
His ponniard, which in his right hand remaines,
That in this latter conflict he did draw,
He ſeekes to ſtab into *Rogeroes* raines;
But when the valiant youth the perill ſaw,
Then for his ſafeties ſake he was conſtrained
To kill the cruell Turke, that grace diſdained,

55

And lifting his victorious hand on hie,
In the Turkes face he ſtabd his dagger twice
Vp to the hilts, and quickly made him die,
Ridding himſelfe of trouble in a trice;
Downe to the lake where damned ghoſts doe lie
Sunke his diſdainfull ſoule, now cold as yce:
Blaſpheming (as it were) and curſing lowd,
That was on earth ſo loftie and ſo prowd,

56

The eie-beholders wondring at this deed,
In ſhowtes and cries to heauen bore *Rogers* fame,
In gazing on him, Eies and Eares doe feed,
And from all mouthes his all great praiſes came;
From age to ſucking babes his acts ſucceed,
And infants ſonet on his ſacred name;
And al the Peers of *France* kindly imbrac't him,
And *Charlimaine* within his armes inlac't him.

57

He kist him kindly, and orecome with joy,
Dissolu'd faire pearle, and siluer on his cheeke,
Kinde thoughts, more kinder thoughts sought to
Eternal their abode, the King doth seeke, (destroy;
As much *Marfyza* did, and would enioy
Perpetuall comfort from his lookes so meeke:
Orlandos loue, nor yet *Rinaldos* lacke,
Neither the warlike brothers, white and blacke.

Aquitan and Grissin.

58

Last, but not least, for shee exceeded all,
Came *Bradamant* his bride, his loue, his Queene,
Thought-guiding goddesse, warlike principall,
Within whose eies, are thousand *Cupids* seene,
Shee on his hands kisses and teares lets fall,
(So boundlesse her immortall pleasures beene)
And frō his face wipes with her cheeks so bright
The sweat and dust that hindred had his sight.

59

How many deaths, alas how many paines,
How many slaine hopes, what abundant feares
Ran vncontrolled through this Ladies veines:
How many idle wishes, what dispaires,
Felt shee forlorne; the while the fight retaines,
A doubtfull issue, who the triumph beares:
Trembling for her *Roger*, her purest heart,
Her god, her life, her loue, and euery part.

How

60

How many times ſucceſſleſſe did ſhee wiſh
Her ſelfe well arm'd, plac'd in her louers ſtead,
Not that ſhee fear'd his ſtarres would run amiſſe,
But for the Pagans puiſſance made her dread;
Who lent no minutes reſpite to her bliſſe,
But with each ſtroke ſeemd to awake the dead:
And more thē with the blows the Pagā ſtrooke,
He pierc't her ſoule and life with euery looke.

61

Now contrary, rauiſht with her delight,
Shee winds her armes like vines about his necke,
Calls him her loue, her joy, and her liues ſpright,
Her better ſelfe, all that her comforts decke;
Now doth ſhee chide the day for too ſlow flight,
And euening for her lazie pace doth checke,
Making her praiers to *Night*, her welcom gueſt
Whoſe ſilence muſt to waking loue yield reſt.

62

During this joy, numberleſſe people flow
About the body of the Pagan King,
Whoſe monſtrous greatneſſe ſeemd to ouer-goe
The *Ætnean Cyclops*, or ſome greater thing:
Some at his beard in admiration grow,
Some of his countenāce, ſome of his ſhape do ring;
In briefe, ther's none beleeues that he is dead,
Or that one man, ſuch might could captiue lead

63

Till *Charlimaine* both to cut off amaze,
As alſo to make *Rogers* deeds diuine,
Caus'd to diſarme the Turk (on whom they gaze,)
And on faire pillars wrought of ſtately pine,
(Trophees that time nor ruine ſhould down raze)
Within that place, moſt rich in *Paris* eine,
Hung vp his head-peece, curats, and the reſt,
With all that his great body did inueſt.

64

The maſſe of fleſh, by force of horſe and man,
(For like a mountaine it lay on the plaine)
Was dragd into the Voyrie, and than
Left as a prey for Rauens to remaine;
Who hiely feaſted, in their croking gan
Triumph vpon his carrion, and grow faine,
Singing in baſe ſongs, that Frēch babes to beare
Might wonder when of *Rogers* acts they heare.

65

And now by this th'outragious bedlam ſoule
Of euer-angrie *Rodomonth* was got
Down through the earths ſad corners, to the fowle
Blacke ſtreame of *Acheron*, which firſt doth float
About the bounds of hell; on whoſe bāks knowle
Millions of ſprights he ſees with clamors trot:
Crying on *Charon*, who tranſported then
His Bardge downe laden with a world of men.

But

66

But he contemptuouſly hating to ſtay
The lazie pleaſure of the old mans ſloath,
Into the lake leaps head-long, and makes way
With his deuided armes; yet as he goeth,
With ſpightfull threatnings euer did inuay
Againſt the Bardge-man, who was likewiſe wroth,
And for he knew his Fare he had not paid,
With Oare in hand, his landing paſſage ſtaid.

67

Th'ambitious Pagan ſtaring in his face,
Firſt ſmil'd, then ſaid, alas poore ſilly man,
Thinkſt thou, whom age hath linckt to weake diſ-grace,
Againſt immortall *Rodomounth* to ſtan;
If all the diuels in hell be in thy caſe,
All ſhall be ſlaues to me, that all things can:
Say thus ſaid *Rodomount* the god of hell,
Whoſe wil's a law, whoſe law dare none repell.

68

Packe hence then crooked lozzell, hide thy head,
A better man, a brauer boat Ile haue,
The boat-ſwaine, who ſuch words nere heard nor read,
Thinking to drown him in the inkie waue,
Taking a ſtretcher, at the ſpirit laid:
Which ſeene, the nimble Turk, with corage braue,
Into the boat leapes, that with force it reeles,
And therewithal ſtrikes vp the old mans heeles

69

Then on his snowie beard he claps his hold,
Giuing him buffets more then two or three,
The silly wretch singled with courage cold,
Yet to auoid him wants abilitie;
Both were impatient, both their strengths vnfold,
Till they, the boat and all, orewhelmed be:
With such a noise, as hels vast vaults resounded,
And *Charon* cri'd for *Plutoes* aide, confounded.

70

The soule of *Rodomont* from Kings descended,
Swame downe the riuer easily at his will,
And drags along with him madly offended
The boat and boat-man, whether he will or nill:
These as sad Trophees on his rage depended,
Whom he torments with worse then worst of ill:
Anon he lands them, and doth then begin,
To looke how he might hels great Palace win.

71

Pluto, that from hels tower looked downe,
Sweats and torments himselfe to see this wrath,
Scarce can he tell how to preserue his crowne,
All that by doome of destenie he hath;
Now he begins to fret, to scold, and frowne,
Vowing iniustice manageth his scath:
And then he feares hie *Ioue* is down descended,
To take from him the right he long defended.

The

72

The ſtarre of *Sicill*, *Proſerpin* the faire,
Lanthorne of hell, the paramour to *Dis*,
Felt ſelfe-like pangs, and twice ſo great deſpaire,
By which her plaints grew more extream thē his;
With heauie eies, wan cheekes, and careleſſe haire,
Round about hell ſhee runnes madly amiſſe:
And all the damned ſoules calles to her aide,
With flattering words, thus in ſweet liquor laid.

73

You ſoules (ſhee ſaid) you ſpirits miſerable,
That burne in yce, and frieze in ſcorching fire,
And you that nere to feele Loues darts were able,
To whom no golden touch of thoughts aſpire;
Though pittie here by courſe is deteſtable,
Yet pittie me, pittie my whole deſire;
And with that pittie, keepe and hold my right,
For which, this prowd imperious foe doth fight

74

See how his rage claimes this vaſt Emperie,
Needs will he rule this damned fatall place,
My crowne he claimes, my ſcepters dignitie,
My husbands birth-right, al black *Nights* imbrace:
Downe falls my rule, vnleſſe your chiualrie,
Vnto my eager hopes bid happy baſe:
Which if you doe, and I thereby repaire
My ruin'd thoghts, mark what I vow & ſweare.

By

75

By ſacred *Styx*, by that obſcure aſpect,
By the dread ſpindle of the fatall three
Twinnes got by *Erebus*, and *Nights* defect;
And by the rocke on which the world doth lie,
I vowe my thoughts no labour ſhall neglect,
Vntill thoſe dames brands of your miſerie,
Come to this place, and either eaſe your ſmarts,
Or feele due paine for ſuch ſtiffe ſteeled hearts.

76

But as for you, that Loues flames haue not taſted,
But liue in hell for other hainous ſinnes,
If through your aide my woes away be waſted,
And my ioyes Legend in your fame begins,
Then neuer more hence-forth ſhal you be blaſted
With tortures, woes, or ought that ſorrow brings:
And if in hell ſweet ſolace may be had,
I grant it them that make my ſighings glad.

77

When faire *Eurydice* had ſpoken thus,
The ſhadows which in blacke *Auernus* lay,
Thundring came vp, and of her words diſcuſſe,
Glad of her promiſe, and this holy day.
All promiſe aide, no threats were burdenous,
And *Agrican* himſelfe did firſt diſplay,
Then *Agramant*, then *Mandricard*, then more,
Each ſtriuing which ſhould goe the reſt before.

All

78

All with imperious eagernesse contend,
Which first shall triumph ore the Pagan King,
At which debate, heauēs frame with griefe did bēd
Bowing his breast, to peace them summoning:
But seeing that their rage did more extend,
From this his vault did stormy lightening fling;
Thunder and tempest flew from heauens dore,
Such stormes till then was neuer seene before.

79

Euen from the highest round that mooueth all,
To the low center, where we hell repute,
The noise was heard, which did all eares appale,
And from the same consuming fire did shute,
Which like well armed warriours in a brawle,
Seemd with reuenge each other to rebuke:
Whose broken speares like fierie arrowes fell,
And hung from heauen vnto the lowest hell.

Hell by some writers is said to be in the center of the earth

80

Th'opposed earth at these extreames admired,
Seeing hell quake, and heauen thus inflamed
Stroke dumbe and blinde, mercie for sins desired;
Such prodigies fore times had neuer framed:
Earth thinkes the day of Doome is full expired,
For all in all, and all things are ashamed:
Onely the Pagans soule from earth deuided,
Stood dreadlesse, & these hellish sights derided.

Th'em-

81

Th'imperiall ſeat of heauenly *Ioue* he threats,
Bans aire, and earth, and elementall powers,
Vowing by his owne rage, which all things beats,
That if he meete, or finde deaths hatefull bowers,
The life hee tooke from him with mild intreats,
Hee ſhall reſtore againe in teary ſhowers:
And he in ſpight of *Plutoes* deitie,
Will there in hell erect his Emperie.

82

Where ere he went, the Furies fled before him,
The whilſt his pride augmented by their flight,
All things without hell gates ran to adore him;
This bridg is fained to be kept by *Cerberus* the three headed dogge. And now the draw-bridge ſtands within his ſight,
On it he prowdly leaps, that quaking bore him,
And vaunts himſelfe therof Lord, king, & knight:
For why th'*Ecchiddnian* curre for feare was fled,
And in the burning lake did hide his head.

83

And now he pulls the *Eban* bridge in ſunder,
And hauing *Charon* this while by the heeles,
Like to a maull makes his old pate to thunder,
Beating the bridge, whoſe rented pillars reeles,
Whilſt *Pluto* (who at all theſe acts did wonder)
More woes than hell includes, with terror feeles:
His auſtere looke, black, ſwarthie, angry redde,
Now grew exchang'd pale, wan, drie, and dead.

Like

84

Like hapleſſe *Pelops* in an iuorie mount,
Vnnaturally, ſo the blacke god ſtood,
Of woes the huge infinitiue account, (wood:
With ſtearne impatience makes him growe ſtarke
This hard diſaſterous chance he doth recount,
Boyling his heart in this diſtempered blood:
Now this, now that, are grounds of this ſtrange
Now neither this, nor that, th'occaſiōs are. (war,

85

One while he thinkes the baſtard ſonne of *Ioue*,
Great *Hercules* is come from heauen againe,
Led by a ſecond fire, a greater loue,
More fell than that of which the Poets faine:
He dreads that he his bed-right will remoue,
Which very thought puts him to mightie paine:
Aie me he cries, *Proſerpina* thy face,
From thence this furious warre begins his race.

Hercules brought *Proſerpina* from hell when *Pluto* had ſtollen her from her mother *Ceres*.

86

Scarce was that thought well ſetled in his thought,
But a new humour diſpoſſeſt it ſtraight,
New broyles, old warres vnto confuſion brought,
Conceit torments conceit; and then the weight
Of vnknowne ſorrowes madly him diſtraught,
Now woes in words flew far beyond woes height;
Vntill the anguiſh of his ſoules tormenting,
Showers forth black teares, to bath his heart re- (lenting.

87

Then from thoſe teares his ſighs and ſorrows flie,
And to the caues imparts his heauy groanes,
From whoſe vaſt wombs impatient ecchoes crie,
Yet neither know nor vnderſtand his moanes:
The damned ſoules in *Phlegeton* that lie,
Daunc't to his ſorrow in their fierie thrones:
But he that ſaw his loſſe grow greater great,
Implores their aides with this ſad ſweet intreat.

88

You airie ghoſts and citizens of hell,
You ſad abortiue monſters of the darke,
All you that in perpetuall torments dwell,
Behold my woes, all my afflictions marke:
Come number my diſtempered thoughts, then tel
The fraught of feares borne in my bodies barke:
And though remorſe did neuer you importune,
Yet for your ſelues and me, eaſe my misfortune.

89

I ſweare that he, what euer be his happe,
That gainſt this man, this monſter, or this deuill,
Brauely will beare himſelfe, and can intrap
Th'vnconquered ſtrong, ridding vs of his euill,
Shall as my ſonne ſit on my ſacred lappe,
And in our burning Palace brauely reuell:
All paines from him I'le baniſh and exclude,
And call him hels new champion, *Fortitude*.

Nero

90

Nere ſhall he hence-forth bath in froſty fire,
Or feele the iron torrents, hearts deſpight,
Which from the doome of *Minos* doe aſpire,
And on the poore condemned ſpirits light:
But as my ſelfe ſit in a ſeat much hier,
As if from him I held my ſoueraigne right:
And this he ſpake with ſuch a feeling paſsion,
As moued in all the ghoſts a milde compaſsion.

91

Like Crowes about a carrion newly ſlaine,
Or like ſmall flies about a candles flame,
So millions of the ſubiects vnto paine,
Condemned ſoules about blacke *Pluto* came:
Firſt they whoſe liues the whole world did diſtain,
Kindling miſchieuous brands with enuies blame;
Whoſe hie ambitions wed to *Pollicie*,
Stird ciuill warres to murder *Pietie*.

92

Vp came the tyrants gorgd with bloodie goare,
And miſers, whoſe inſatiate greedy thirſt,
Ouerthrew nobilitie, and ſlew the poore:
Then came the murderers, with blood halfe burſt,
Whoſe hands the guiltleſſe hearts in peeces tore:
The traitours came, vp came the worſt of worſt,
The mutenous, the ſtrife-ingendring flame,
The enuious, and inconſtant louers came.

Vp

93

Vp rize the ſoules, that had by fauours hold,
Taken the poore mans right to make him great;
And with them thoſe, which had for treaſure ſold
Their countries freedome, to a forraine ſeat:
Vp came the ſlanderous wiſe, the deſperate bold,
The wilfull periur'd, on whom ſhames awaite:
And theſe began aloft to eleuate
Their ſtrengths and prowelles for *Plutoes* ſake.

94

But when the king of Death had heard their vant,
He ſent them backe, and thus their prides repreſt;
Retire weake ſoules, vaine, feeble, and inconſtant,
T'is not on you my hopes or ſafeties reſt,
For he that muſt giue cure vnto my want,
Confirme my peace, and make mee happy bleſt:
Muſt be a valiant Chieftaine full of might,
A famous warriour, and approued knight.

95

Euen he whoſe fame is planted on the ſeas,
In heauen, in earth, and here with vs in hell;
Who hath tranſported armies through all theſe,
Whoſe blade hath conquered men & monſters fell:
He that in chains of gold leads thrugh dark waies
Inthralled kings, with whom all honors dwell:
This is the ſoule muſt ſhine in armes for me,
And venge my cauſe, and ſet mine Empire free.

The

96

The ſoule of king *Gradaſſo* hearing this,
Mounted aloft, and thus made his reply.
Leaue to complaine (thou god of diuels bliſſe,)
For if on Fame or Knighthood thou relie,
Or on the Prince that nere led man amiſſe;
Whoſe troups haue ſcal'd thoſe moũts which kiſſe
Then is it onely I muſt ſet thee free, (the skie:
Though gods conſpire to cope in armes with
(me.

97

A thouſand wreaths of conquering Lawrel binds
My holy temples, with faire treſſes curld,
The rumor of my name ſpread in the winds,
Hath dar'd the Champions of the Weſtern world,
Spaine haue I ſackt, my ſword all *Belgia* blinds,
And *Fraunce* by me was topſie turuie turnd:
Two vowes I made, and brought to paſſe with
The like, the world ſhall neuer ſee again. (pain,

98

And theſe they were; In ſpring time of my yeares,
Flying from Wealth, and Pleaſure two fell foes,
That often thrals and conquers mighty Peeres,
Deuote to *Valure*, vow'd deſpight of noſe
To giue *Orlando* combate, and ſans feares,
To trie in fight what force from *Reinald* flowes:
Which done, *Orlandos* horſe I got as gaine,
And wan the ſword of *Reinald* for my paine.

99

This ſaid, and ſeeking more his praiſe to ſay,
The ſoule of *Mandricard* which aie diſdaind
Such baſe falſe bruits ſhould beare the prize away;
Full fraught with furie, madly himſelfe demeand,
And ruſhing forth, lowd as the Lyons bray,
Thunderd this anſwer, hardly well reſtraind
From handy blowes; yet caſting about his eie,
Lookt on *Gradaſſo* moſt deſpightfully.

100

Harke (quoth he) how this terror, ſcourge of flies,
Warmd with the blood that boyleth on his heart,
Boaſteth his manhood in a thouſand lies:
I ſaw the day, when ſpight of all his arte,
He Spanniel-like for mercie to me cries;
I and I ſaw *Aſtolpho*, on whoſe part
Honor, nor any valiant acte depended,
On whom the name of Knight neuer attended.

101

Euen him I ſaw with a weake golden launce,
(A weapon farre vnfitting for the warre)
Orethrow this mightie one, and in a traunce
Left him diſgraced, like a falling ſtarre;
And yet himſelfe boue vs he doth aduance,
Threatneth bright heauen, which can wel declare
That his contempt is falſe, his praiſe a ſhade,
And onely our deeds are immortall made.

Theſe

102

These orethwart words made prowd *Gradasso* mad
(Madnes is euer silent for a space)
At length his fury burst from humor sad,
And like a flame did all his soule imbrace;
For aduocate, strokes and not words he had,
Yet as he gaue the lie, (words worst disgrace,)
The mightie ghost of *Agramant* vpraised,
Bade them be still vntill he were appaised.

103

Then with a voice huge as a Northerne gale,
Doing to *Pluto* solemne reuerence,
He thus proceeded in his hawty tale;
What fire is this, what winged violence,
What hie desire doth these great Peeres exhale,
And like false starres draw them vnto offence,
Like old men that forget decaying might,
Making them graspe at what is mine by right.

104

For if the pride of armes this honour winne,
Iustice must plead me worthiest of the three,
For thirtie two annoynted Kings haue bin
Vassals to me, and my huge dignitie;
T'account my men, no number could begin,
For why, they were more then the world could see,
Exceeding all the sparkling starry light,
Which in cleere *Phebes* hall doe polish *Night*.

105

Hills with the hollow downes I leuell made,
Floods haue I couerd with mine armed hoſte,
Men on parcht plaines in bloody ſeas did wade,
And hunger-ſtarued death through me did boaſt
An Empire, that no time ſhould make to fade,
By me he got what ere fore times had loſt:
For day and night I held him at a baie,
And ſtill increaſt his kingdome and his ſway.

106

Pluto thou knoweſt, and heli will witneſſe beare,
(For in thine *Eban* booke my fame is writ)
And from hels gates no Fate ſhall euer weare
My rumor out; or ſhall *Obliuion* ſit,
And my liues Chronicle in peeces teare:
Thou knoweſt right well, that to this damned pit,
Millions of millions, weeping are deſcended
Of ſlaughtered ſoules, that my right hand con-
demned.

107

Call *Charon* forth, let him for me proteſt,
Whoſe armes in work did nere waxe feeble weak,
Saue with my powers, who numberleſſe oppreſt,
And almoſt made his withered ſinewes breake.
Againe, that theſe Kings ſoules may liue at reſt,
And vaine hopes made no further vants to ſpeak,
Fetch forth thy bedrolls, paper-books, & notes,
Thy Chronicles, in which all ſoules thou coates.

Fetch

108

Fetch forth the Antiquares of all those shades,
Sent from the earth by *Nature, Murder, Fight,*
Then shall they know I haue inricht these glades
More in the circuit of a winters night,
Then they in all their liues, with all their blades,
Hell beeing peopled onely by my might:
Thus did these three, with hauty tearms cõtend,
And each to other hatefull speeches lend.

109

Pluto agrieu'd to see this ciuill brawle,
Practizd to knit them in continuing peace,
To him new arguments this broyle did call,
Now doth he sweat to make their wraths surcease,
And rage inrag'd, with rage he doth forestall,
Their warre doth *Rodomonts* great warre increase:
Who all this while vpon the bridge did stand,
Tearing the yron barres vp with his hand.

110

But more he speakes, the more their angers rise,
Like stormes that make disturbed waues growe (mad,
Anon the god with falling fierie eies,
Thus to beseech with mildest tearmes was glad:
Cease conquering Kings, these ciuil armes despise,
A iuster cause may here with praise be had:
As for your strife, best time shall it discusse,
Fore *Minos, Radamanth,* and *Eachus.*

These thre were the Iudges of Hell.

111

Far beyond worlds your worthy worths are born,
Whilſt euery place is cloathed in your praiſe,
And ſince no time hath your great fames outworn
Whoſe ſun-ſhine lends light to the ſummer daies;
Turret-hie lift them vp, and loathly ſcorne
Confuſion, whom all Regiſters diſpleaſe;
Who gets, doth much, but he that gets & holdeth
Doth more & more wherby his fame vnfoldeth.

112

Againe, if when you drew mens mortall breath,
Your hie deſignes amaz'd the world with wōder,
Now hauing made your laſt aſſault with death,
And low in earth lockt earthie actions vnder,
Prowd with ne're-dying life, eternall faith
Breaking mortalitie and feare in ſunder,
Shew that the worldly force is but a ſhade,
A ſlender barke, vnſure and weakly made.

113

Thus ſpake the king of hell, father of ſhade,
Controller of the feather-footed *Night*,
And in theſe kings new boyling courage made,
Increaſing enuie euen in enuies ſpight,
Till *Mandricard* that vertues honor had,
Cried out to me, To me referre thy right,
Thy cauſe, thy quarrell, thy conſuming woe,
That vow to puniſh thine aſpiring foe.

Yet

114

Yet if it ſo ſeeme gratious in thine eies,
(Hell graceleſſe may thrugh pitty purchaſe grace)
Before I goe allay this ſacrifice,
This friezing heate, this chill hot ycie place,
This cruell Loue, that no extreames ſuffice,
But prowdly banquets on my pure diſgrace;
Then to thy royall hands I will vnite
Him, a poore captiue hapleſſe conuertite.

115

As for all other paines compos'd in hell,
Cries that waſt breathles ſoules for want of breath,
The *Phrygian* thirſt, wreathd ſnakes, & horrors fel,
Belydes endleſſe toyle; all vnderneath
The Furies whips, with what els tongue can tell;
The racke, the wheele, immortall fire, ſans death:
All theſe & more doe not ſo much diſpleaſe me,
As cruel Loue, that labours to diſeaſe me.

116

If then a little, (for the leaſt is ioy)
Thou moderate Loues furie in my breaſt,
I will not onely this dread ſoule deſtroy,
But bow both *Ioue* and *Neptune* to thy heſt,
From *Tritons* gods, and Fiends, thou ſhalt enioy
Title of all worlds Empire only bleſt:
Yet it remaines, that Loue which kils my heart,
Vaniſh and die, or els releaſe my ſmart.

117

Thus to his grand tormentor hauing ſpoke,
He with diſdainfull ſemblance turnd about,
And as like lightning from a darke clowd broak,
Lookt on *Gradas*, and *Agramant* the ſtout,
And ſaid, return poore fooles, prides fooliſh yoke,
Vnto the earth, and there anewe finde out
Your leaden fames, which for a paltry ſword,
To one of you, ſuch hie praiſe did affoard.

118

Agramant was the ſonne of *Traiano*, who was ſlaine by *Pipin* king of *Fraunce*.

But as for thee *Traianos* youthful heire,
Led by yong thoughts (inamorites to will)
In venging hate thy proweſſe doth appeare,
Where I haue ſcornd any by hate to ill;
For all my acts *Cupids* light wings doe beare
Vp to faire *Cytheron* his mothers hill:
And he that offers Loue his conquering ſword,
Is truely valiant both in deed and word.

119

Yet gratious *Pluto*, firſt diſgrace this flame,
And find a balme to cure Loues hatefull griefe,
Murder this fire, extinguiſh *Cupids* name;
Then will I fight, and purchaſe thee reliefe:
To this deſire, thus *Dis* doth anſwere frame,
Ha *Mandricard*, controll that vaine beliefe,
Which in Loues eaſe doth any helpe aſſure,
Loue is alone impoſsible to cure.

The

120

The God of gods, and I my ſelfe am thrald,
No Fate the bane of *Venus* baite eſcheweth,
Cupids keene ſhafts the Fiends in hell haue gald,
And whilſt his ceaſleſſe rigor me purſueth,
By whom is Deitie alone foreſtald,
I find no meane nor man that on me rueth:
But look how faſt my wretched flight pretẽdeth
So faſt he flies, and on my ſorrow tendeth.

121

Earneſt to follow on his tale begunne,
A ſuddaine ſtorme of teares fell from his eies,
And from his talke ſo great controlement wonne,
That ſound of words, ſtrange ſounding ſighs ſup-
Sighes that in feruor did exceed the Sun, (plies,
Making hot flames on watry billowes riſe;
Whilſt *Rodomonth* exclaimd on *Dis* from farre,
And cals the fiends to combate, if they dare.

122

Now *Mandricard* the ſonne of *Agrican*,
By this was choſen champion for the darke,
And armd in clowds, that *Night* from *Nature* wan,
Came marching forth, whilſt euery ſoule did mark
The comely puiſance of the mightie man,
And to his courage euery eare did harke:
Which he with hollow words brauely did cheer,
Swearing a ſecond death ſhall ſlay their feare.

But

123

But when the Pagan ſaw him thus prepar'd,
Diſſembling warlike Equipage in hell,
Faſt by the foote takes *Charon* ouerdar'd,
And bout his head ſwings him, & makes him yell,
Thence throwes him at the head of *Manáricard*,
Who with ſuch violence vpon him fell,
That ſpight his heart he made him reele & fall,
As when a Cannon beats a citie wall.

124

Poore *Charon* thus the pellet of his might,
Hauing orethrowne the *Tartar*, tumbled by,
And through miſchance, on *Plutoes* foot did light,
And with cold feare orecome began to crie,
And like a coward king, fit Lord for *Night*,
Let from his fiſt his yron ſcepter flie,
Which with a bought at each end ſeemd to be
Great as the heauens great ſeeming Appletree.

125

Which maſsie barre the Pagan ſoone ſurprizd,
And like a tennis toſt it in his hand,
Swearing no diuell, nor diuels damme ſuffiz'd
To quench his hates eternall burning brand,
New immortalitie (quoth he) diſguiz'd
Armes me to win this neuer conquered land;
Nor dare huge infinites my will reſiſt,
Whilſt I poſſeſſe this weapon in my fiſt.

Thus

126

Thus mad with pride, prowd that he was so mad,
He with this engin scald the gates of hell,
A second death by death the Furies had,
For ne're a blow that from his crotcher fel,
But made the shaking pit with terror sad,
That all the soules in which dead slumbers dwell,
Hied to their tombes by old confusion torne,
And there with teares wept that they were for-
(lorne.

127

But this the braue *Tartarians* soule reuiued,
Like to a dreaming traueller from sleepe,
And blushing to behold what Rage atchieued,
With pensiue looks seemd, thogh vnseen to weep,
Whose dying shame (for shame is nere long liued)
Cast downe his eies much lower then the deepe,
And lifting them againe, whilst wrath repines,
Displaies a knot of fierie Serpentines.

128

Their backes and breasts were speckled blew and
Their eies & nostrils spuing flames of fire, (green,
Whose noysome smoaks palpable felt and seene,
Poyson'd the aire, and what than aire was hier,
With liquid venime, and resistles tiene,
Which dropping from their scalie fins retire:
These *Manáricard* threw fiercely at his foe,
In hope to quittance his receiued woe.

But

129

But *Rodomount* whom nothing could apale,
Smild at reuenge, weakened for want of breath,
And jesting at them, boldly gripes them all,
Squeezing the damned monsters to the death,
The sight whereof, broke the *Tartarians* gall,
When scorne by scorn, made scorn of values faith;
And with that thought, flies at the Pagans face,
And force perforce, justles him from the place.

130

Vnwares assaild, downe falls the Turkish king,
Into the damned poole of dead-mens bones;
The op'ning billowes greedily suckt him in,
And yet agast to heare his angrie groanes,
Mounted him vp againe, lest wrath should bring
Vnto their source confused endlesse moanes:
And as he shakt himselfe, the drops fell downe,
With pitteous grieuance to behold his frowne.

131

Mad with disgrace (madnesse from enuie growes)
The Pagan swimming, gaind the shore againe,
Setting the lake on fire, where-ere he goes,
Throwes forth hie mountaines of admir'd disdain,
The while his body like a furnace glowes,
Lending new torments to vndying paine;
And foaming like a stormy beaten flood,
Belcht riuers forth, that no restraint withstood.

When

132

When *Pluto* ſaw him diuing in this brooke,
(The altar on which all the gods doe ſweare)
Vnto his ſoule exalted ioyes he tooke,
And thus his fainting armie newe doth cheare;
Friends(ſaid he)fellow mates,gloſſe of my looke,
My agents,euen my ſelfe,my beſt compeere,
Mount you vpon theſe walls,and then retort
This damned diuell from a landing port.

132

Which,who effects by vnimagind might,
To him a wealthy coronet of Yew,
A wreath of Cypreſſe,and a clowd of *Night*,
I doe bequeath,whom all ſoules ſhall reuiewe:
But *Mandricard*,now iealeous of his right,
Seeing hel mooued,cried,*Pluto*,is this true?
Wilt thou diſhonour me,ſhall any ſay,
He ſeconded the *Tarta* in his fray?

133

Falſe god,rebate thine idle promiſe paſt,
And keepe thy damned ſoules in yron chaines,
For if diſhonor on my creſt be plac't,
This power of mine, that all great power ſuſtains,
I'le turne vpon thy head,and for diſgrac't,
Drown thee and him within theſe muddy ſtreams:
Whilſt this was ſpeking,ſpight of might or main,
Once more the Turke came to the ſhore againe.

And

135

And all his body mantled in filthy mire,
Like a ſtearne Boare ſoild in the Summer time,
Yet in his count'nance flam'd eternall fire
Much hier then infernall eies could clime,
Like lightning *Salmacis* wing'd with deſire,
Flies on the *Tartar* all beſmeard with ſlime,
And with his airie armes gripes aire ſo ſore,
That *Mandricard* fell down, and could no more.

136

Hence doth victorious *Rodomont* purſue
His all-wonne conqueſt to the gates of hell,
And *Pluto* ſwore, Deſtenie was vntrue;
Yet trying all, what euer could repell,
From his neere boſome fatall inchantment drew,
I meane Deſpaire, Griefe, and Amazement fell,
Which in a viall he had cloſely plac't,
And theſe at *Rodomont* with rage he caſt.

137

But theſe were made to wound the Louers breaſt,
They had no motion in a flintie minde,
Of which the Pagan made an idle jeaſt,
Spilt it vpon the ground, ſaid, fooliſh blind,
Poore god of hell, keepe in thy ruſty cheſt
Theſe Pedlars trinckets, for ſome weaker kind,
For louing aſſes, and for wanton boies,
Slaine and orecome with ſillie childrens toies.

For

138

For me, I feare no froſt, no foyle, no flame,
No monſter, filth, nor helliſh excrement:
To dread thy priuie rage, were daſtard ſhame,
Nothing mooues me vnder the firmament,
All things are held in awe by my great name;
And I as little feare thy worſt intent,
As ſtubborn Northern blaſts, or Summers haile,
Feare to encounter an vnfolded Snaile.

139

Thus did he ſay (by rage taught what to ſay)
And ſaying what he ſaid, burnt with his ire
Felt a ſtrong drought make thrugh his body way,
Setting his ſoule and aierie parts on fire;
All which, his labours, paſsions, and paines obey,
Adding huge violence to his deſire;
For beeing with his drineſſe almoſt burſt,
He leaues them all, & ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

140

Like *Hercules* for *Hyla*, he runs madde,
Crying and ſeeking for ſome cooling ſtreame,
Anon he finds one out, and then was glad;
Lethe he findes, *Lethe* which Poets dreame,
That all Forgetfulneſſe from it is had,
(Memory takes from that ſtill pond his maime:)
The ſight of which, when the prowd Pagan
He laies him downe, & takes a mighty (caught,
(draught.

141

Sooner he had not toucht the fatall ſpring,
But all old memory and thought was gone,
His former warre, his rage, his combating,
And euery acte before that preſent done:
Hell he forgat, Fiends, Furies, and their King,
(All which in conſultation were alone,)
And had decreed, and taken *Plutoes* crowne,
To make him King, and put old *Ditis* downe.

142

But like a man that knowes no former age,
Or infants that forget their mothers wombe,
Meeke as a Doue, that Lyon-like did rage,
He finds the way through which he firſt did come,
Paſſes ore *Styx* like a conuerted ſage,
And ſo aſcending vp by fatall doome,
Once more the aire, and earthly manſions won,
Cheering his dead eies with the liuing ſonne.

143

Reſtleſſe he paſſed like a windie gale,
Through all the crooked corners of this round,
Till he found out againe that bloody vale,
That euer to be memorized ground
On which he tooke his death, and there his pale
Dead mangled carkaſſe, rent and torne he found;
With broken skull, and fleſh delacerate,
About the which, a thouſand Rauens ſate.

Wrath

144

Wrath at this ſight waken'd his ſleepy brands,
And on the featherd tyrants ſpits his gall,
Railes, but his raylings nothing vnderſtands,
Ore mounts he chaſes them, ore rockes, ore dale,
Ore floods, and ſeas, beating the beaten ſtrands,
Making the woods reſound his hydeous tale:
Stil folowing on, where ere they took their flight,
Threatening the ſilly birds to proue his might.

145

Led thus by conduct of his winged foes,
Not apprehending what, or where he was,
Stareth about, and then records his woes,
For well he knew the heauens adored place,
Within this Paradice his Trophees ſhoes,
Here all his thoughts, his cares, and wonder was:
A tower he ſaw out-braue the element,
Which was faire *Iſabellaes* monument.

146

Faire *Iſabella*, flower of virgin maides,
Whoſe fame is regiſtred on heauens face,
In whoſe laſt end eternall vertue reades,
Faiths perpetuitie, and chaſt thoughts grace;
Whoſe neuer-mooued ſoule to ages pleads,
Life, that no life or death ſhall counterface:
Whoſe Angel loue to Angel ſences bared,
Her too vntimely end too well declared.

147

This mightie Tower, the Pagans teares agniz'd,
He knew the gates, the bridge, the swans, the flood,
And all those knightly shields, by honor priz'd,
Which he had wonne in seas of purple blood;
For though that *Lethe* euery thought surpriz'd,
Yet Loue it could not, Loue all charms withstood:
And he that had forgot all other deedes,
Records his Loue, Loue that perpetuall bleeds.

148

Like *Centaures* gazing on the *Gorgon* shield,
So on this castle stone-like look't this king,
And to it thousand orizons did yield,
Deare tombe of Chastitie, O glorious thing!
And now since fates, that al the world doth wield,
About whose work the frame of heauen doth hing,
Haue doomd vnburied soules (though gods by birth)
An hundred yeres to trauel on the earth.

149

Therefore the Destinies this Pagan bound,
So long to erre about this holy shrine,
Constant and joyfull in his Loue-sicke wound,
Shewing himselfe fearefull to mortall eine,
With cries & clamors shaking the troubled groūd,
At whose huge noise, both gods and men repine;
Which seemes to call, *O pulchra clara stella,*
Rodomonta, Rodomonta, Isabella, Isabella.

FINIS.

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